The Kanzas News.

SATURDAY,.....JUNE 6, 1857.

For the Kanzas News.

Free State Lyrics—No. 1.

Addressed to the Free State Men who contemplate voting for Delegates to the Convention instituted by the Lecompton Legislature.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Ho! Pilgrim sons of Pilgrim sires,
Who, touched with manhood's newer hopes,
Have built your sacred altar-fires
Upon our western prairie slopes;—
Is it true, that yielding at the last—
The stormful hour that draweth nigh,
Shall find your votes and voices cast
For this accurst, usurping lie?

Remember ye the grand replies
Of earlier Israel's prophet-youths—
Who, calm as ere the upper skies,
Clasped hands with Heaven's diviner truths—
And, when the fiery furnace-flames
Coiled round them—as serenely trod
As tho' a-breathing Angel-names,
They walked amid the thrones of God?

O Brothers! when the Ruffian's torch
Blazed all along your thrifty vales,
And when you felt your fierce blood scorch
At trampled woman's shuddering tales,
Ye held no parley with the sin—
Ye knew no coward-shrinking then;
But—thrilling to the voice within—
Ye rose up—strong, heroic men!

And now—aye! now the damning words
That smite us reeling to our knees,
And hedge our path about with swords,
Have passed into *'legalities'*—
Will ye forsake the blessed cause?
Repress your hot, indignant breath—
And—cringing to these Godless 'laws,'
Slink, rotting, down to Hell and Death?

No! by the life that Shommix gave,
By all our fields of pain and woe;
By Keyser's blood and Barber's grave,
And our deep heart of Manhood—no!
No! tho' along our streaming veins
The dripping blades shall reek and hiss;
No! and wild scorn to him who reins
His soul back from the precipice.

From the Newburyport Herald.

The Onward March.

The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer* deplores the unexampled emigration of Virginians westward. The country papers of Maryland also speak of a constant emigration from that State in the same direction. The Baltimore *Republican*, and the Petersburg *Intelligencer*, express a great deal of regret at finding their respective States thus losing their citizens. It seems odd to a northerner to read these expressions, for among the free States the emigration to the westward goes on so unceasingly that no one pays much attention to it. We know, when ten or a hundred families leave, that it is to better their condition; and that the employment remaining will quickly draw others like them to their places. It is not so in the southern States. They depend for population on the natural increase, and not much upon immigration. If a thousand people should leave North Carolina, the lands they cultivate would lay waste till a thousand more were born and came to maturity. From no spot of earth does a person turn his eyes to North Carolina as a desirable place to locate his family; and therefore weakness follows all removals to the West, or what is more common, to the southwest. In Maryland and Virginia the case is still worse, because to some extent the tide flows in as well as out. When a thousand persons go West, there is not only a loss of so many Marylanders and Virginians, who have been educated to the social condition of that latitude, who are in love with its institutions; but bordering on the free States, and near to Philadelphia and New York, the great entrepots for the European exiles, others are slipping into their places, who are averse to their institutions and social state, and thus the aristocracy and pride of those localities are humbled, and the existence of slavery is endangered.

God is doing for this land what politicians could not do. He is making it for the interest of the slave owners to move South, and the interest of the freemen to take their places. Self-interest is the governing passion; and self-interest is decreeing for the prosperity of the nation and the security of the freedom of the land. Under this law slavery is tumbling to the earth; and it is in no national or State administration—in no base politicians North or South, and in no servile religionists, live where they may, to prevent the grand consummation to which all things now tend. Men are lamenting that cotton is high, and sugar is high, and neither of them can be produced to satisfy the demands of the world. It is God's voice bidding up those crops for the good of man. Down lower and lower, crowding upon itself, goes the slave institution to the latitudes where it will pay best; and pressing upon its track is the crowd of free population.—Already the cities where trade is, can no longer be relied upon by their old masters.—Look at them—Baltimore, Richmond, Louisville, St. Louis—they stand to-day up to the line where Boston was a dozen years ago; and because we have not population sufficient to press hard enough to crush the life out of slavery, God is sending over annually a quarter of a million Germans to help on the work, who are spreading out into the rural districts, taking up the lands that negroism has cursed till it is sterile, and giving a new voice and another pulse along Mason and Dixon's line. It is in vain to talk of what Republican parties or Emigrant Aid Societies will do; there is a power above them; and we no more doubt that it is the absolute decree of Heaven that thus, and speedily, liberty shall be strengthened in the land, than that he ordered the exodus of the Israelitish tribes from Egypt, or gave them the land of promise.

Mr. Cushing, in his great speech here last week, spoke of the destiny of the two columns pushed out from Plymouth and Jamestown, and their mission of progress for the redemption of the continent. No one can have failed, however, to observe the unequal step with which they 'march, march, march.' Plymouth stands seventeen millions to-day to Jamestown eight millions; and what will be the result when, at no distant day—speaking of the life of a nation—it shall stand seventy-five millions to twenty-five! The Jamestown column, as it has passed along, has devoured what was before, and killed what was behind. As with the hoof of the ancient conqueror's horse, the grass has not grown where it passed. Virginia is but the shadow of what it was, and fading out at that. The Plymouth column has elevated, strengthened and advanced—coming like the breath of spring, making the wilderness to blossom, the solitary places to be glad, and the voice of singing to be heard in the land. While Jamestown is blotted out, and has left no mark where it was, Plymouth remains a flourishing town, with its church and its school house, as two hundred years ago.—While Norfolk is in decay, and its spacious harbor given up to a few oyster gatherers and the "cutter" for the collection of the Virginia negro tax, Boston is full of palace warehouses, where are gathered the riches of the Indies—of princely houses where merchants, surpassing those of Tyre and Venice, reside—of temples of religion and schools of learning and works of art, that entitle her to be called the Athens of America, while commercially she stretches her arms to the ends of the earth, and opens her broad bay to receive the commerce of the nations. Virginia has dwindled at every census, and is destined yet more to dwindle, till a new race shall infuse new life and new blood into her veins; Massachusetts has grown stronger, sturdier, richer, and at the last appointment for members of Congress, was the only State upon the Atlantic that increased its number.

There are two columns moved by destiny, it is true; but the one travels in a Virginia two-wheeled cart, without springs, without evidencing that there was a wheelwright or blacksmith in the world where it *'grew,'* drawn by a half-fed donkey, with a primeval yoke upon his neck, and a negro driver behind more stupid than the jackass; and the other goes by steam with the iron horse snorting over the railroad track, and as if forty miles an hour was not fast enough, holds the telegraph wire in its hands, and breathes lightning from its nostrils to announce its progress to the different places ahead. Yes; there are two columns, but they compare like the two largest rivers of the globe, the Jamestown representing the Mississippi, low and narrow and choked at its swampy mouth; and the Plymouth, like the Amazon, rushing on, deeper and clearer and wider, till no bridges can span it, and no vision reach from shore to shore. The Plymouth column starts from the Atlantic with one wing touching Jamestown, and the other resting upon the great lakes, and when it has leaped the Rocky Mountains, stands alone upon the Pacific shore. The Jamestown has no northern side, and tapers away, narrowing to the single State of Texas, of which it holds but the south-eastern side; and when it "marches, marches, marches" beyond that, it must take a short turn down over the Rio Grande to plunder the half-breed Mexicans. Tamaulipas must be its next State; and by the time it reaches there, the point whence it started will be lost, and like the tempestuous cloud, we shall see it sinking awry into the dark south-west, while all the heavens about are given to the sunshine of freedom.

Reflections on the Battle of Lexington.

"It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and their fields, to take their own cause in their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflecting mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war, nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer. *The people always conquer.*—They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature,—God,—is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath an atmosphere of falling snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and he never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free."
—*Edward Everett.*

PIERCE TO BE A PREACHER.—It is said that old Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated clerical eccentricity, prophesied when Franklin Pierce was a Representative in Congress, that he (Pierce) would be elected to the Senate, then to the Presidency, and finally, that he would become a minister of the Gospel. Two-thirds of the prophesy have already been fulfilled.

From the St. Louis News.

The Original Dred Scott a Resident of St. Louis—Sketch of his History.

The distinguished colored individual who has made such a noise in the world in the case of Scott vs. Sanford, and who has become so tangled up with the Missouri Compromise and other great subjects—Dred Scott—is a resident, not a citizen, of St. Louis. He is well known to many of our citizens, and may frequently be seen passing along Third street. He is an old inhabitant, having come to this city thirty years ago.

Dred Scott was born in Virginia, where he belonged to Capt. Peter Blow, the father of Henry T. Blow and Taylor Blow, of this city. He was brought by his master to St. Louis about thirty years ago, and in course of time became the property of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, whom he accompanied on that trip to Rock Island and Fort Snelling, on the ground of which he based his claim to freedom. The wife of Dr. Emerson was formerly Miss Sanford, and is now Mrs. Chaffee, wife of Hon. Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has had four children by his present wife, two boys, both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi, at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a "good man."

On his return from Mexico he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred being informed that he was entitled to his freedom by the operation of the laws regulating the Northwest Territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred $500 in cash, besides labor to a nearly equal amount. It has given him a "heap o' trouble," he says, and if he had known that "it was gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, as executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear to be at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of such importance.—He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartily when talking of "de fuss dey made dar in Washington, 'bout de ole nigger."

He is about 55 years old, we should think, though he does not know his own age. He is unmixed African blood, and as black as a piece of charcoal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint upon his movements. If he were disposed to make the attempt, he could gain his freedom at a much less cost than even one-tenth of the expense of the famous suit. He will not do so, however, insisting on abiding by the principles involved in the decision of the suit. He declares that he will stick to his mistress as long as he lives.—His daughters, Eliza and Lizzy, less conscious about the matter, took advantage of the absence of the restraint on their movements, a year or two since, to disappear, and their whereabouts remain a mystery.

Dred, though illiterate, is not ignorant.—He has traveled considerably, and has improved his stock of strong common sense by much information picked up in his journeyings. He is anxious to know who owns him, being ignorant whether he is the property of Mrs. Chaffee, or Mrs. Sanford, tho' we presume there is no doubt that the former is his legal owner. He seems tired of running about with no one to look after him, while at the same time he is a slave. He says grinningly, that he could make thousands of dollars, if allowed, by traveling over the country and telling who he is.

☞ In the days of James I, the boys of a large school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged in it day and night, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master, till one luckless evening when huddled round their dormitory, involving each other in the vapors of their own creation, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad, "how dare you to be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had "a raging tooth;" another "the colic;" a third "a cough;" in short they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas, all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe after a powerful whiff, and looking up in the master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone,

"Sir, I smoke for corns!"

The Richest Community in the World.

Lo the poor Indian! A day or two since we had occasion to mention that the result of the late sale of Delaware (Indian) trust lands was $440,000. The lands sold were only those comprised in the eastern division of this great reservation. The western division is now advertised to be sold. That contains some 350,000 acres, and will undoubtedly bring an aggregate of at least $600,000.—The tribe are also the owners of a home reservation almost immediately adjoining Leavenworth City, forty miles long by ten broad. That would sell to-morrow readily for $10 per acre; or an aggregate of $3,000,000.—Thus their total wealth independent of personal property—and some of them are men of considerable individual means—is about $4,000,000. They number in all some 900 souls; and from the real estate described above are worth an average of 4,440 dollars per soul, or 22,220 dollars to each family of five persons among them.—*Wash. Star.*

A VERDICT.—The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury at ——: "We are of A Pinion that the Decest met with hir death from Violant Infirmatim in the Arm produest from Unoan Cruz."

☞ "Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown; "it is much sold for *consumption!*"

'Tis Summer.

'Tis Summer, fond Summer; adoring he kneels,
To offer bright bounties at foot of the Earth;
And she turns to him blushing; full surely she feels
That no other can equal his love and his worth;
Young Spring may woo softly, with wist in his eye;
Proud Autumn may lavishly deck her with gold;
And old Winter may clasp his bare bosom and sigh;
But the fond Summer wins, for his love ne'er grows cold.

'Tis Summer, sweet Summer, the sunniest hours
The bright skies can deck are his jubilant train;
Rich-laden he comes with ripe fruit and choice flow'rs;
And the woods peal in concert a welcoming strain,
And the hills welcome back the glad notes of their song
As they lift their tall heads o'er the valleys below;
Where the minstrel-streams caroling, wander along,
Gathering blossom gifts, dropped by charmed winds as they go.

'Tis Summer, bright Summer; rare blessings he yields.
With his gifts, smiling Plenty is filling her horn;
He throws a free hand o'er the supplicant fields,
And turns then a-golden with treasures of corn!
For the harvest he brings us, our thanks then are due;
O, we all have a chance of his bountiful grace;
And like good men, God bless them! with hearts warm and true,
He gives what he gives with a smile on his face!

Agriculture.

The propriety of devoting a few columns of a paper circulating almost exclusively among a farming community, as an exchange for information relative to their occupation, will hardly be doubted. Among a class of men who are laboring with all the energy and intelligence they can command, to bring forth from the soil products necessary for a civilized life, various opinions, modes of work, and little inventions will arise. Between these there should be some public channel for communication, that all may receive the benefit of the minds of their fellow-laborers.

In the East thousands are toiling and slowly developing the science of agriculture, while their original experiments and discoveries are being continually published by hundreds of agricultural papers. All that is valuable to us we shall endeavor to select for our columns. Near or far, from the farmers of Kanzas or other States, we solicit communications on subjects of agricultural interest.

As we intend publishing a monthly next year, directed more particularly to the interest of AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, and GARDENING, we have at the solicitation of the proprietor agreed to take charge of this department of the KANZAS NEWS.

Sorghum Sugar Cane.

This plant possesses particular interest for the people of the West. From all past experiments—and many satisfactory ones seem to have been made—there seems little doubt of its success. We have received one pound of this seed sent here for experimental purposes by Mr. GREELEY, through THADDEUS HYATT, Esq., and have other seed enough to plant three acres. We intend to test it as thoroughly as possible, in every capacity. The following information in regard to the Sorghum, is extracted from the *New York Tribune:*

The cultivation of the *Sorghum*, or Chinese sugar-plant, has thus far proved so decidedly successful in this country, not only in the South, where it seems to have been demonstrated that two crops or cuttings of sugar-bearing stalks can be obtained in one season from the same roots of that year's planting, but even so far north as Minnesota, where it is testified that good syrup was made in 1856 from stalks hardly a hundred days from the seed, that we are impelled to urge upon our farmers and gardeners the importance of early attention to the procuring of seed and planting for the season just before us. Let us all grow the seed this year, so that it can never be so scarce that speculators may run it up to an exorbitant price. A great deal remains to be settled with regard to this plant, especially the best mode of converting its saccharine properties into crystallized Sugar; and it is highly probable that better varieties of it will ultimately be discovered, at least for certain localities than that now current in this country. For the present, however, it is advisable to continue and extend the cultivation of that which is accessible, and thus test the effect of acclimation on the character of the plant and the sweetness of its juices.—We suspect that for Louisiana, Florida and Texas, the Sorghum of Southern Africa will ultimately be found preferable to that obtained from France by our Patent Office, and from China by France. If it prove true that this plant, or certain varieties of it, can be grown from year to year in semi-tropical latitudes from the same root, as the cane is grown in the West Indies, and that two or more crops of sugar-yielding stalks may be cut from that root each season, then there can be little doubt that our Southern States are destined still to lead the North in the production of Sugar. For the present, however, it suffices that the Sorghum may be grown wherever Indian Corn will usually ripen—that its abundant juice makes a very pleasant syrup or molasses, to which it is easily reduced by boiling away four-fifths of it in the ordinary mode of sugar-making from the sap of the maple—and that the leaves and stalks, whether green or dry, of the Sorghum make an admirable fodder for cattle, horses or hogs, while the seeds are eaten with avidity by fowls also, to justify the general interest evinced in its cultivation. We propose, therefore, to condense into the smallest space some practical directions to the prospective cultivator—as follows:

1. *Seed.*—If there be a seed-store within your reach, your easiest way is to send and buy what seed you want. In planting to raise seed (the first year's object), a pound will suffice for an acre; and this ought not to cost more than a dollar. But beware of imposters and swindlers, for bushels of broom-corn and kindred seeds will be palmed off as that of the Sorghum. Where you cannot readily obtain seed in this way, write to your Member of Congress asking him to send you a paper; and he will generally be able to do so. If not, the Secretary of your State Agricultural Society may be able to supply you.

2. *Planting.*—Choose a warm, mellow soil, such as you would confidently expect to grow at least fifty bushels of Indian Corn to the acre. Plow early, plow deep and thoroughly. Plant as early as you could venture to plant corn. If you have a hot-bed, start a little seed in one corner of it. If you plant considerably, put in your seed at different times—say, in this latitude, one-quarter each on the 1st, 10th and 20th of May and 1st of June respectively. Plant (for seed) in hills, six seeds to the hill, and at distances of four feet each way. Try some five feet apart east and west (so as to let in the sun between the rows), and some in drills—say four to five feet apart east and west with the seeds six inches apart in the drill and thin the plants to one foot apart. If you have seed in abundance, sow a little in drills two feet apart, the seeds in the drill but two or three inches apart. Cover lightly, as the seed rots if covered deeply.—Keep the hens at a distance, or it will come up too soon.

3. *Tillage.*—The Sorghum comes up looking very puny—much like broom-corn or barn-grass. If you set a blockhead to weed it, he will probably pull it up and report that it never germinated. Cultivate like Indian Corn—only faithfully. If suckers start, a majority say pinch them or pull them off—that is, in growing for seed. This need not be done in growing for sugar.

4. *Harvesting.*—Whenever the seed shall be hard and black, cut off the upper part of the stalks, say three feet long, and hang them up like broom-corn, in a dry chamber, suspended from the ceiling, so as to be out of the way of rats, &c. Now cut up your stalks, pull off the leaves, and satisfy yourself that all manner of stock will eat them; and put the rest of the stalks through any kind of a crushing-mill that may be handy—a cider-mill would be better than nothing—catch the juice and instantly warm it over a slow fire in a large kettle, skimming off the scum so long as any shall rise. Then boil the juice about four-fifths away, as if it were maple sap. Use a little lime or lime-water to neutralize the phosphoric acid, which otherwise will give a slightly acid but not unpleasant taste to the syrup. Save some syrup *without* thus neutralizing the acid, as you may like it better that way.—Don't waste the scum, but throw it to the pigs, where it will make at least excellent manure. Feed the pumice or crushed stalks to your cattle; and, having thus cleared the ground, be ready to plant or sow extensively next Spring.

5. *Fodder.*—We estimate that, whenever seed shall be sufficiently abundant, any rich, warm land will produce a third more fodder per acre if sown with Sorghum than if sown with Indian Corn, and that the Sorghum is at least twenty-five per cent more nutritious than the corn. But all that can be effected this year is to prove that this plant is valuable both for Syrup and Fodder. Next year will be soon enough for most cultivators to think of sowing for fodder or for grinding for sugar.

One word of caution to experimenters: Don't run the thing into the ground. The Sorghum will prove a valuable addition to our crops, if we don't render it odious by some Multicaulis foolery. But wheat, Indian corn and clover are not going out of fashion for some years yet.

The Season and the Crops.

WHEAT CROP.—The accounts that come to us from different sections of the country are very various in regard to the prospects of the growing wheat. In some portions of Missouri it is represented as almost an entire failure, while in other sections of the State it promises a fair yield. In northern and southern Illinois, wheat is reported as looking well; while in the central portions of the State it is badly winter-killed. Many fields will not return the seed. In Indiana the accounts are hardly less various. In some portions of the Wabash valley there is much complaint of winter-killed wheat. In Kentucky wheat has suffered less from the severe winter than in the States on the North and West of us. In Michigan the accounts are generally very favorable. From Tennessee and Georgia notices received represent the crop as promising. In those parts of the country around Washington City, including both Virginia and Maryland, unusually encouraging accounts reach us in regard to wheat. From all we can learn at this early date, (April 15,) the wheat crop, taken together throughout the country, promises well; and, if not overtaken by insects or rust, more than an average crop may be expected.

In Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, where wheat is most winter-killed, there is a great difference between that which was sown broadcast and that which was put in with the drill; the former being badly killed out, while the drilled wheat, in many places, will make an average crop; and in every instance the drilled wheat promises much the best.

In every part of the West that we have heard, and over which we have traveled, and that is considerable, the present unfavorable condition of the wheat crop is to be attributed mainly to an excess of water in the soil. All soils resting upon a tenacious subsoil should be underdrained, and more especially the flat prairie lands of the West. Prices of land and crops will soon warrant this, and farmers would do well to inform themselves on the subject.

FRUIT.—Notwithstanding the severe frosts, there is still a prospect of a fair crop of apples generally throughout the country. The blossoms of the pear, plum and cherry that were opened, or nearly opened, were killed; but the later ones, in many sections, are still safe. Most of the best peaches in the level portions of Kentucky, and the northern and central portions of Tennessee, are killed. Some late seedling varieties have thus far weathered the frost.

We will again admonish our friends to cultivate more extensively the small fruits. The strawberry, improved blackberry, raspberry, Houghton's gooseberry, currant and the grape. These seldom, if ever, fail entirely, and should be more widely and more carefully cultivated.—*Valley Farmer.*

Poor Farming an Expensive Business.

The truth is, poor farming is an expensive business. The cost exceeds the income. If from a very low grade of farming, which must of course be unprofitable, we ascend to a better condition of the art, we shall come to a point where there is neither loss nor gain; the income equals the outgoes; the 'ends meet,' as they say. And this, if we understand these matters, is the very condition in which nine-tenths of our farming now is.

The farmer of a hundred acres puts on his farm, in his own labor, in the labor of his wife and children, in taxes, insurance, &c., $500. "The ends meet;" and if there were no better way he need not complain; for he is working his way through the world as quietly and as easily as most men; for the development of high moral qualities he has the advantage of most others; and what is more, he has the best possible means of training his children to those habits of industry and frugality, which more than conspire to make them good men and women, and worthy citizens. Let him not, therefore, complain. But if there is a better way, let him fall into it. We do not believe that farming is necessarily limited to the operation of putting on $500 and taking off $500, and living by the operation, only because what is put on is mostly in the form of labor done by the family. If a farm will give $500, with the labor of one man, it will give a great deal more with the labor of two men; and the excess will more than balance the wages and board of the second. Instead of putting on $500 and taking off $500, the better way is to put on $700 and take off $900; and then put on $900 and take off $1,200. There is doubtless a limit, beyond which the income could not be made to increase above the expenditures; but very few of us are in danger of going beyond the limit. There is much more danger of falling short of it. Our standard is too low. Men are afraid to trust their land, lest it should not pay them. It is the best paymaster in the world.—J. A. NASH, in *The Farmer.*

Experiments in Agriculture.

It is an excellent thing for those farmers who have means and opportunity, to make frequent experiments. That many of them prove useless, is no argument against the practice. This has often been the case in every branch of business and art; and the world owes more to those experiments which have been successful, than to any other means of investigation. The way to fortune may indeed be easier or more certain to those who follow in the wake of custom; but as all nature is full of truths, rarely will the investigating mind long continue its researches without making some new discoveries.

Few farmers are aware of the scope and capabilities of agriculture, and, doubtless, think the arts a much more suitable place for study and experiment. And yet agriculture is more extensive in its relations to other sciences, and is much more difficult of comprehension, than any of the mechanic arts. But it is exceedingly difficult to persuade most persons of this fact. They appear to think agriculture a simple matter, and easily understood, requiring rather muscular powers, than skill and intellect, to carry on its operations successfully. More enlightened times, however, are fast superceding these old and unprogressive ideas.—It certainly were ill-deserving the manifold praises bestowed upon it, if agriculture will admit nothing more than the achievements of bodily exertion. And it should be the principal object of agricultural experiments to bring to light such facts as shall lessen the labors, and enlarge the rewards of the husbandman. We should avail ourselves of every means by which we may add to our knowledge, and increase the facilities of labor. Let science and mechanics facilitate the work of hands. Let contrivance and skill take the place of bone and muscle; and nothing, we are confident, can give greater impulse to the cause of the farmer. This is the reason why so many young men have hitherto fled to the city in pursuit of fortune; because the toils of agriculture are so great, and the rewards so meager and remote, compared with many branches of trade, as to offer no incentive in this direction. It is in vain to appeal to the ease and happiness of rural life, and caution against the dangers that beset the town. So long as those objections lie in the way, these things will be little desired on the one hand, or feared on the other. Once show that agriculture is capable of as great and as speedy returns, and with as little labor, as other pursuits, and we shall see as much talent and influence attracted to its ranks, as to any avocation or profession whatever.—*American Agriculturist.*

Watermelon Juice.

A correspondent copies the following, which originally appeared in the *Prairie Farmer*, and sends it with his own endorsement. Keep this till the melon season:

I endeavor to raise a good watermelon patch. They are a healthy and a delightful fruit. I cultivate the Icing variety; plant early in May, and again towards the close of the month, so that they may come in succession. When they begin ripening we commence cutting and using them freely during the hot weather. When the weather becomes cool in September, we bring a quantity of them to the house, split them open, with a spoon scrape out the pulp into a cullender, and strain the juice into vessels.

We boil it in an iron vessel to a syrup, then put in apples or peaches like making apple-butter, and boil slowly until the fruit is well cooked; then spice to the taste, and we have something that most people prefer to apple-butter or any kind of preserves.—Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit down to molasses, which will be as fine as the sugar-house molasses. We have made in a single autumn as much as ten gallons of the apple-butter (if I may so call it) and molasses, which kept in a fine condition until May.

Bloody Murrain—A Cure.

Take of white oak bark, newly peeled from the tree, as much as you can easily encompass with the thumbs and fingers of both hands. Boil this in one gallon of water for a short time; then pour the water off, and dissolve in it a lump of alum the size of a hulled walnut, and a lump of copperas of the same size. With this mixture drench the sick animal, and the cure will soon be effected. In only one instance did he have need for any additional remedy, and then, to facilitate the opening of the bowels, he administered a plate of lard.

We hope this remedy will be extensively and thoroughly experimented with in all parts of the country, and the results reported. Murrain is a disease which takes largely from the profits of stock-raising in the west, and as there is no known cure there will be no harm in trying this.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ "It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany. "Yes; but a great deal solemner not to be," said the little girl, her niece.

☞ The Salem Gazette says the following sign may be seen swinging at a blacksmith shop in Essex:—"No horses shod on Sunday excepting sickness or death."